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THE DURANGO KID vs. THE FIRST ATOMIC WEAPON!
CHARLES STARRETT as
the DURANGO KID
No. 7
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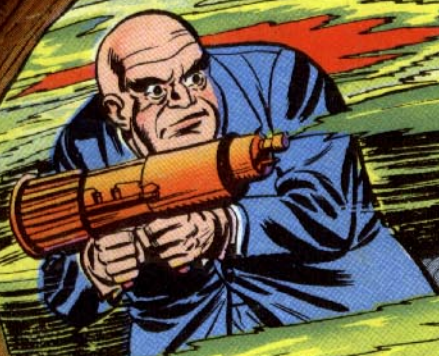
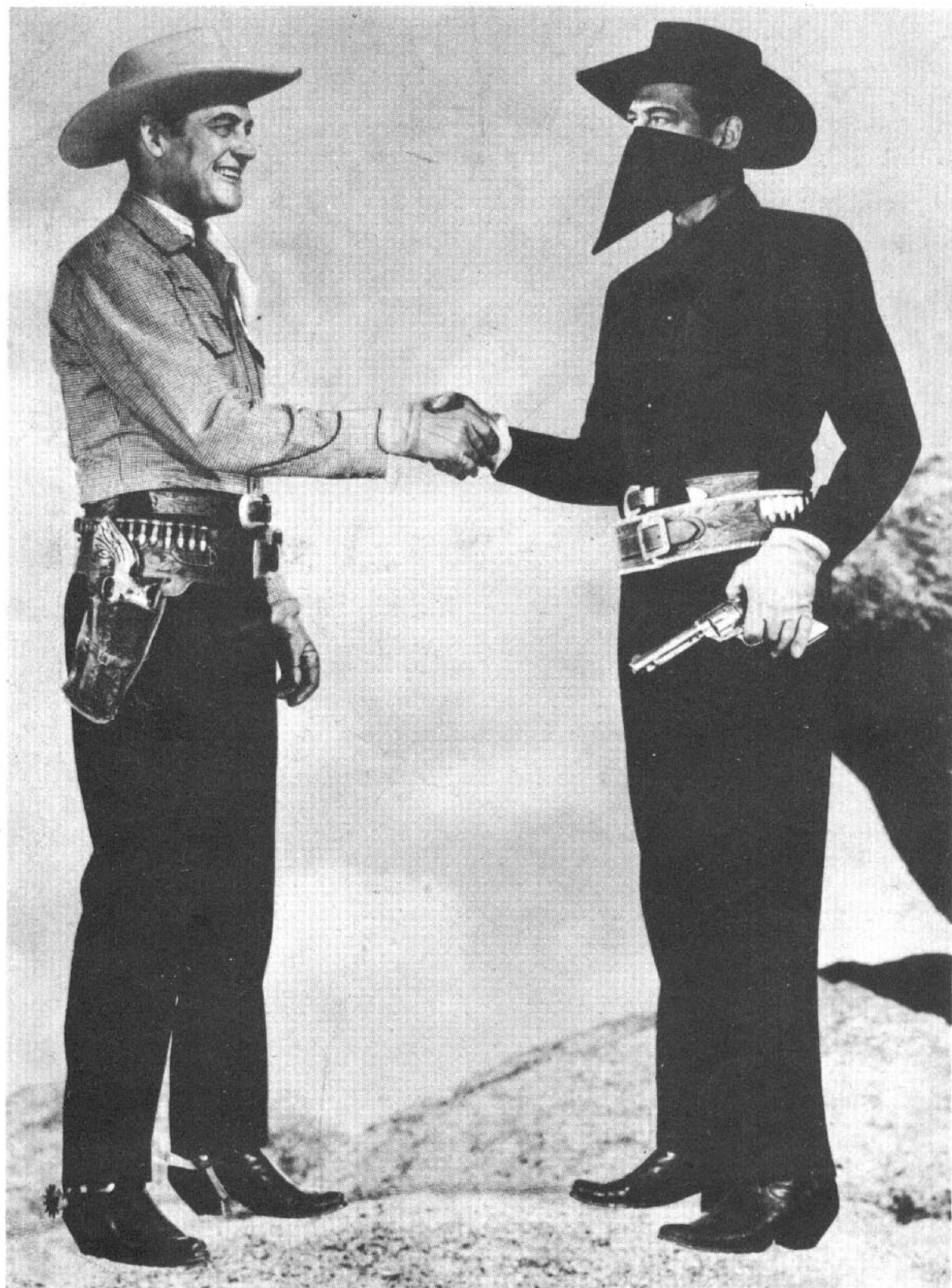

CHARLES STARRETT in a trick photograph shakes hands with his other self – THE DURANGO KID!

THE DURANGO KID

GULP! AN' THAT THERE CONTRAPTION KIN *DO* IT, TOO!

STOP! ONE MORE STEP, DURANGO— AND ALL THAT'LL BE LEFT OF YOU WILL BE *ATOMIZED SMOKE!*

THIS MONSTER GENIUS WAS **ONE HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF HIS TIME!** HIS DEATH-MAD SCIENCE PRODUCED A WEAPON MORE BRUTAL, MORE HORRIBLE, THAN ANY THE WORLD HAD EVER SEEN! WITH IT, HE WAS **MASTER OF THE EARTH!** AND THE DURANGO KID NEVER FACED A CLEVERER ENEMY THAN **"THE BOSS"** OR A DEADLIER WEAPON THAN— **"THE RAY OF HORROR!"**

DURANGO KID

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID. Oct.-Nov., 1950. Vol. 1, No. 7. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., at 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Entered as second-class matter December 19, 1949, at the post office at New York, N. Y. with additional entry at the post office at St. Louis, Mo. Subscription in U.S.A., $1.00 for 12 issues.

A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROAD...
BOY, THEM COWPOKES ARE SURE HAVIN' A ROUGH TIME WITH THET STEER!

TURN AROUND, MULEY—I WANT TO TALK TO THOSE MEN. THAT'S A BAR-H STEER—BUT THOSE AREN'T BAR-H HANDS! I KNOW EVERY MAN ON THE BAR-H RANCH. SOMETHING FUNNY HERE!
OH-OH—RUSTLING, MEBBE. IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, TOO!

NO OFFENSE MEANT, STRANGERS—BUT I'D LIKE TO CHECK ON WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT BAR-H STEER.
TARNATION! THET AIN'T NONE O'YORE MEDDLIN' BUSINESS!

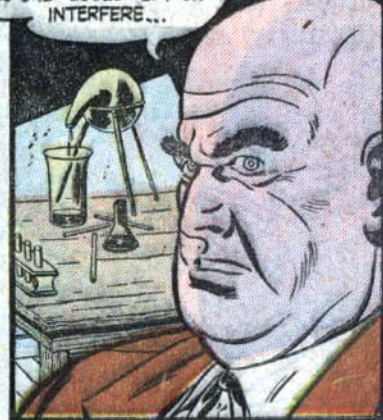
YOU'RE MIGHTY FAST WITH THOSE GUNS, STRANGERS—BUT JUST NOT FAST ENOUGH! I'M STILL WAITING FOR AN ANSWER TO MY QUESTION.
QUICK, BUCK—CUT THET LARIAT AN' LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR FAST! "THE BOSS" DON'T WANT US T'GIT INTA NO TROUBLE!

WAL, I'LL BE GOL-DINGED! NOW THEY JEST AIN'T SOCIABLE AT ALL!
THEY SURE DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT STEER THEY TRIED TO RUSTLE.

THEY'RE HEADIN' TOWARD THET FUNNY-LOOKIN' BUILDIN'. SAY, D'YUH THINK MEBBE...?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK—YET! BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT WE'RE GOING TO HANG AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE AND FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON!

LATER, INSIDE THE GROUNDS OF THE MYSTERIOUS RANCH...
FOOLS! I'VE HIRED A BUNCH OF FOOLS! YOU CAN'T EVEN STEAL A STEER WITHOUT MESSING IT UP! NOW, LISTEN TO ME—I WANT A STEER TONIGHT! I MUST HAVE A LIVE STEER!
YEAH, BOSS-SURE, BOSS—YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS—!

NOW, GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT THAT STEER! I MUST GO BACK AND DO SOME MORE WORK IN MY LABORATORY NOW. GO!
WE'RE GOIN', BOSS!
LAB
KEEP OUT

THEY ARE FOOLS—ONLY I AM A GENIUS! AH, MY BEAUTIFUL LABORATORY! MY IDEA IS SO SECRET AND SO DANGEROUS THAT I HAD TO BUILD IT WAY OUT IN THIS WILDERNESS SO NO ONE COULD SPY OR INTERFERE...

AH YES! I KNEW THIS NEW-FANGLED ELECTRICITY COULD BE USED FOR OTHER THINGS BESIDE TELEGRAPH MESSAGES! I FELT THAT IF I COULD CONCENTRATE POWER ON URIDIUM, A NEW ELEMENT I DISCOVERED—

—AND IF I COULD FIND A WAY TO FOCUS THE ATOMIZATION THAT WOULD RESULT—THEN I KNEW I COULD PRODUCE A DEATH RAY WHICH MIGHT ATOMIZE ANYTHING IT SHONE ON!

AH YES! IT WORKS ON STEEL! IT WORKS ON WOOD! BUT—THE BIG QUESTION IS...

...WILL IT WORK ON LIVING FLESH? THAT IS WHY I NEED A LIVE STEER TONIGHT—TO FINISH THE EXPERIMENT! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! I AM A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF THE REST OF THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

LATE THAT NIGHT... "THE BOSS'S" MEN FINALLY BRING IN A STOLEN STEER—BUT KEEN EYES WATCH THEM!
THEY'RE TAKING IT INTO THE MYSTERY RANCH ALL RIGHT! SOMEHOW, WE'VE GOT TO GET PAST THAT GATE. LISTEN CLOSELY NOW, MULEY...
I'M LISTENIN', DURANGO!

THAR'S A FUNNY NOISE IN THEM BUSHES! WE BETTER TAKE A LOOK-SEE, RUDY!
RIGHT—THE BOSS SURE CAIN'T SAY WE AIN'T ON OUR TOES!

HE SURE CAN'T RUDY—BUT GUESS WHO'S ON YOUR HEADS!
OKAY, DURANGO—HYAR'S THUH ROPE TUH TIE 'EM UP WITH!
GNNNNG!

MAKE A BREAK FOR THOSE BUSHES, MULEY. I'LL COVER YOU AND FOLLOW.
RIGHT, DURANGO!

HERE GOES! THE LAST AND FINAL TEST! IF IT SHOULD WORK—HA, IF IT SHOULD WORK—!

IT WORKS! IT WORKS! I AM MASTER OF THE WORLD! HA-HA-HA!

DID YUH SEE WHUT I SEEN? THET STEER JEST PLAIN —GULP—DIS-APPEARED! AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT BUT SMOKE AN' ASHES! YIPE!
I DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS, MULEY—BUT I DO KNOW WHAT IT MEANS. SUCH A WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF A MADMAN LIKE THAT IS A THREAT TO ALL HUMANITY!

WE CAN'T RUSH THAT MONSTER WHILE HE HAS THAT THING IN HIS HANDS—WE'LL HAVE TO SIT TIGHT AND WAIT FOR A CHANCE TO GET IN AND DESTROY THAT RAY GUN! AND WE MUST NOT FAIL...!

OH-OH!
SOMEBODY CONKED THE GUARDS AT THE GATE! TIED 'EM UP AN GAGGED 'EM! WE GOT SPIES IN THE PLACE—RIGHT NOW!

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN—THIS IS WHAT I HIRED YOU FOR! MOVE OUT! COMB THE WHOLE AREA! DON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED! FIND THOSE SPIES AND KILL THEM!

GOOD SET-UP, MULEY!

GET THEM! GET THEM, YOU FOOLS! I'D SHOOT THEM WITH MY RAY GUN, BUT THAT WOULD DEMOLISH THE LABORATORY, TOO!
QUICK, MULEY—MAKE A BREAK FOR THAT BUILDING! I'LL COVER YOU!

HOLY SMOKE! LOOKIT THUH STUFF!

MULEY - THAT SCAFFOLDING!
I GET IT, DURANGO!

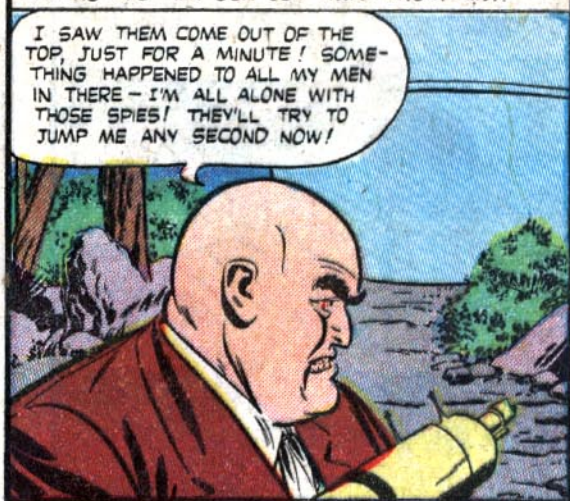
ACCORDING TO MY FIGURING, THERE ARE JUST TWO MORE OWLHOOTS!

ONE!

-AND TWO!

UP WE GO, MULEY- THIS IS THE ONLY OTHER WAY OUT. THAT MADMAN IS PROBABLY WAITING FOR US AT THE DOOR WITH HIS DEATH RAY...!

THIS WAY—AWAY FROM THE DOOR SIDE. WE'LL GET AROUND THE BUSHES AND TRY TO GRAB HIM FROM BEHIND. IF ONLY HE'D DROP THAT RAY GUN FOR A MINUTE!

BUT "THE BOSS" HAS NO INTENTION OF EVER LETTING HIS RAY GUN GET AWAY FROM HIM.
I SAW THEM COME OUT OF THE TOP, JUST FOR A MINUTE! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ALL MY MEN IN THERE—I'M ALL ALONE WITH THOSE SPIES! THEY'LL TRY TO JUMP ME ANY SECOND NOW!

THERE'S ONLY ONE DEFENSE—MY DEATH RAY! I'LL DISINTEGRATE EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!
YEOW! THAT WUZ CLOSE! BUT DURANGO—THAT TREE! IT'S CUT RIGHT THROUGH—FALLING—!

AH! I'VE UNCOVERED THE SPY! JUST ONE SPRAY OF THIS GUN AND THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT ATOMIZED SMOKE!

NO! YUH GOTTA KILL ME FUST!
THUNDER! MY GUN!

ALL RIGHT, MULEY, I'VE GOT THE THING. LET HIM UP!
THANK GOODNESS YUH CAME TO IN TIME. BOY, FER A MINUTE THAR I THOUGHT

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME — NEVER!
AFTER HIM!

HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS-ZZZAP!

HOW GHASTLY! THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF THAT BUILDING OR ANYONE IN IT! THE MADMAN CHOSE TO DIE RATHER THAN FACE JUSTICE!
BUT WE STILL GOT THIS—WHAT-EVER IT IS! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH IT, MULEY! COME..

INTO THAT QUICKSAND IT GOES, MULEY! MANKIND IS NOT YET READY FOR A FORCE OF SUCH TERRIBLE DESTRUCTIVE POWER!
I GUESS NOT—NOT FER HUN-DREDS OF YEARS YET!

THERE IT GOES—FOREVER, I HOPE. AND LET'S PRAY, MULEY, THAT NO ONE EVER AGAIN INVENTS ANYTHING LIKE IT!
THE END

the DURANGO KID

AN HONEST NEWSPAPER WAS OFTEN THE BEST GUARANTEE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST—AND ED SMALL, OWNER OF THE BIG FORK GAZETTE, WAS AN HONEST AND FEARLESS EDITOR! WHEN AN HONEST MAN MEETS A CROOK—THERE'S A **FIGHT!** THE **DURANGO KID** FOUND FIGHT A-PLENTY—WITH **MURDER** AND **ARSON** TO BOOT—WHEN ED SMALL'S PAPER MET THE—

"Deadline for MURDER!"

THERE'S NO WAY OUT, STEVIE—WE'LL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH! S-S-S-SO LONG, P-P-PAL!

ED SMALL! IT'S SURE BEEN A LONG TIME!
STEVE BRAND! MULEY! WELL, SCATTER MY TYPE AND CALL ME "PI!" I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE *YOU*, OF ALL PEOPLE!

I NEED HELP, BOYS. WHAT WITH THIS ELECTION AND ALL THE RUSTLING GOING ON, I'M KEPT SO BUSY THAT I JUST DON'T GET A CHANCE TO GET OUT AND FIND OUT THE NEWS. AND THERE'S SOME MIGHTY FUNNY DEALING GOING ON— MARK MY WORDS!

BENDIX! WHAT'S *YOUR* BUSINESS, MAN?
I SORTA FIGGERED TUH HAVE A PRI-VATE TALK WITH YUH, SMALL—*PRIVATE*—KNOW WHUT I MEAN?

THESE MEN ARE MY FRIENDS, BENDIX. WHAT-EVER YOU'VE GOT TO SAY, YOU CAN SAY RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM!
OKAY, SMALL—WHATEVER YOU SAY! AIN'T NO CALL TUH GIT CANTANKEROUS, THOUGH...

I FIGGERED A LITTLE FRIENDLY VISIT MIGHT PERSUADE YUH TUH SUPPORT ME FER SHERIFF. AFTER ALL I *AM* THUH BEST MAN FER THUH JOB, YUH KNOW! YORE PAPER COULD BE A BIG HELP TUH ME...
LISTEN HERE, BENDIX—I SUPPORT THE MAN I THINK IS THE MOST HONEST—*AND I'M NOT SO SURE YOU'RE THE ONE!*

YUH AIN'T SMART, SMALL. I COULD MAKE IT WELL WORTH YER WHILE, KNOW WHUT I MEAN?
ARE YOU TRYING TO *BRIBE* ME? THUNDER AND BLAZES, MAN—MY PAPER WAS FOUNDED ON HONEST DEALING, AND IT'S GOING TO *STAY* THAT WAY! NOW—**GET OUT!**

WHY, YUH LITTLE LIZARD—I GOT *OTHER* WAYS TUH MAKE YUH PLAY BALL, SEE? I'LL SMASH YOU AN' YER PAPER TUH SMITHEREENS!
YOU CAN'T SCARE ME, YOU GORILLA! NOW GIT YOUR BIG HAMS OFF ME OR I'LL—!

GET OUT, BENDIX!
WHUT THUH?

LISSEN HERE, YOU— I DON'T EVEN BOTHER 'BOUT MEDDLIN' STRANGERS, SEE!
IS THAT SO?

I CAN GUARANTEE THIS MEDDLING STRANGER WILL BOTHER YOU PLENTY!

NOW, BENDIX— GET!
I'LL "GIT" ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIT YOU! I'LL GIT ALL OF YUH AFORE I'M THROUGH!

HOW COME HE'S SO ALL-FIRED ANXIOUS TO BECOME SHERIFF, ED?
WELL, IT SURE CAN'T BE THE PAY— BENDIX IS A WEALTHY MAN, AND THE JOB OF SHERIFF WOULDN'T EVEN PAY FOR HIS SILK SHIRTS! MY GUESS IS THAT THERE'S SOME DIRTY BUSINESS DOWN AT BENDIX'S STOCKYARD AND HE WANTS TO BE SHERIFF SO HE CAN COVER IT UP...

IF ONLY I HAD MORE INFORMATION! I'D PLASTER THE TOWN WITH IT— AND THAT WOULD REALLY DECIDE THIS ELECTION! HOW ABOUT IT, STEVE— LIKE TO DO A LITTLE SNOOPING FOR ME?
I THINK I MIGHT— HMMM, YES, I THINK I MIGHT! LET'S GO CHECK IN, MULEY.

THIS ASSIGNMENT FROM ED GIVES ME THE CHANCE TO DIG INTO THIS CASE WITHOUT HAVING TO USE MY AUTHORITY AS FEDERAL MARSHAL. NOW —IF ED IS RIGHT ABOUT SOME DIRTY BUSINESS DOWN AT THE STOCKYARD...
... THAR'S A DARN GOOD CHANCE IT'S CONNECTED WITH THE RUSTLIN' WE'RE HERE TUH FIND— RIGHT?

THAT NIGHT—AT THE BENDIX STOCKYARDS...
THEY SHORE GOT THIS STOCKYARD A LONG WAYS FROM TOWN!
THEY'RE MOVING A HERD OF CATTLE INTO THE YARD RIGHT NOW—IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HERD THEY WANT TO HIDE—AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

INSIDE THE STOCKYARD...
THAR SHE IS, BENDIX—THUH HERD! RUSTLED IT OFF HEAD BY HEAD AN' BELIEVE YOU ME, I SHORE TOOK MUH PICK O' THE BEST!
GOOD WORK, LEFTY—I'LL PAY YUH PLENTY FER THIS JOB. BUT WE GOT TUH ACT FAST NOW...

...AND GIT THIS BRANDBLOTTIN' JOB OVER BEFORE MORNIN'! MY BOYS'LL FIX THEM BRANDS SO NOBODY KIN TELL WHO THEY BELONGED TO!
...FOUR HUNDRED...FIVE HUNDRED... WHY THE CHEAP SO-AN'-SO! PAY ME PLENTY, HE SAYS!

DAWG-ONE MUH CLUMSY FEET—TRIPPED OVER THET BRANDIN' IRON!
WOT WUZ THET?
SNOOPERS! LET'S GIT 'EM!
CLANK!

RUN, MULEY! WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR A FIGHT YET—WE'RE UNDERCOVER! RUN!
!??*#?? !!! ?

I'M COMIN' AS FAST AS I— ARGHHH!

MULEY!

MULEY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? MULEY, SPEAK TO ME— UGH!
GOT 'IM!

THET'S THUH HOMBRE I HAD A SCRAP WITH IN THUH NEWSPAPER OFFICE TO-DAY! THESE RANNIES'RE SNOOPIN' FER ED SMALL!
HOW MUCH D'YUH THINK SMALL KNOWS, BENDIX?

HE KNOWS ENOUGH TO SEND THESE JASPERS OUT TO SPY ON US—AND THET'S TOO MUCH! HE KNOWS ENOUGH TUH STOP ME FROM BEING ELECTED SHERIFF!
AN' WE'RE COUNTIN' ON YUH BEIN' SHERIFF SO WE KIN COVER UP ON THIS RUSTLIN' RACKET! WHAT WE GOIN' TUH DO, BENDIX?

ONLY ONE THING TUH DO! TOSS 'EM INTUH THUH CATTLE PEN, BOYS!

MY BOYS'LL FILL THIS PEN WITH JUST-BRANDED CATTLE, A-STOMPIN' AND A-JUMPIN'. BY THUH TIME THEM CATTLE FINISH WALKIN' OVER THEM RANNIES, THAR WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT OF 'EM! WE KIN CLAIM THEY FELL INTUH THUH PEN BY ACCIDENT!

MEANWHILE, YOU AN' ME—WE GO INTUH TOWN AN' ARRANGE A NICE HOT "ACCIDENTAL" FIRE AT ED SMALL'S OFFICE, SO NUTHIN' KIN GIT INTUH PRINT. I'LL BE SHERIFF —OR KNOW WHY!
AN' WHO'S GONNA DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT— WHEN YOU'RE GONNA BE THE SHERIFF? SMART!

OKAY, MEN—LET'S OPEN THE CHUTE AN' LET THE CATTLE INTUH THE PEN LIKE THE BOSS SAID...

HYAR GOES! BOY, THAR WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT TUH RECOGNIZE O' THEM SNOOPERS!
HI! HI! HI! C'MON YUH ORNERY CRITTERS— GIT IN THAR! GIT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PEN...
MULEY! MULEY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
RECKON SO— THET BULLET JEST GRAZED ME AN' KONKED ME OUT! WHUT A CLUMSY SATCHEL-FOOTED DOPE I AM!

HOLY SMOKE—THEY'RE FILLIN' THIS PEN WITH CATTLE, SCARED CATTLE—JEST BRANDED! GOSH—EF WE COULD ONLY STAND UP! WE'RE GOIN' TO GIT TRAMPLED, STEVE!
THEY FORGOT THAT BRANDING IRON...IT'S STILL RED HOT...IF ONLY I CAN REACH IT IN TIME...THE CATTLE WILL SCREEN US...

THEY'RE STAYIN' AWAY FROM US SO FAR-- BUT WHEN IT GITS MORE CROWDED IN HERE, THEY'LL —I THINK I'M GITTIN' SKEERED, STEVIE!
THERE! NOW— THIS MAY BURN, BUT...

MADE IT!

HURRY, STEVE—HURRY! WE'RE IN THUH LAST SQUARE FOOT O' FREE SPACE LEFT IN THIS HERE PEN!

DID IT! WHEW!
WE'RE STANDING NOW AND CAN MOVE AROUND— IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MULEY!

AND NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—THIS WAY, MULEY—AND KEEP YOUR HEAD LOW. GRAB MY HAND AND I'LL PULL!
MOVE OVER, YUH DUMB CRITTER! DAW-GONE, THEY'RE SO TIGHT IN HYAR I CAIN'T BREATHE!

NOW LET'S GO BACK AN' CLEAN UP ON THEM DIRTY OWL-HOOTS WHUT DONE US IN!
NO, MULEY— BACK TO OUR HORSES! BENDIX AND THE OTHER RANNY WENT INTO TOWN TO SET FIRE TO SMALL'S PLACE! WE'VE GOT TO TRY TO SAVE THE PRINTING PRESS!

COME ON, MULEY— LET'S RIDE!
STEVE! LOOK! LOOK AT THUH SKY OVER TOWARD TOWN! IT'S—IT'S RED WITH FLAMES!

TOO LATE!

GO INTO TOWN, MULEY— AND SEE IF YOU CAN HELP ED ANY. I'M STAYING HERE. IT'S HIGH TIME FOR JUSTICE TO TAKE A HAND— YES, IT'S TIME FOR THE DURANGO KID!

LATER—AT DAWN...
WE DONE IT! WOW! WHUT A FIRE! AIN'T NUTHIN' BUT ASHES LEFT UV THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE! NOTHIN' KIN STOP US NOW!
HAPPY ELECTION DAY, BOYS!

AND NOW WE'LL LET THESE CRITTERS OUT OF THE PEN AN' SEE WHUT'S LEFT UV OUR SNOOPERS!

THAR AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT! NOTHIN' AT ALL!
JUST THUH ROPES WE TIED THEM WITH! HOLY SMOKE — D'YUH THINK THEM STEERS WERE THET HUNGRY?

GUESS AGAIN, GENTS!
THUH DURANGO KID! SHOOT 'IM, MEN —FAST!

NOT FAST ENOUGH, RATS!
BA-BA-BANG!

THE DURANGO KID MOVES IN, HIS FISTS PUMPING SO FAST THEY CAN HARDLY BE SEEN...
LET'S PLAY, OWLHOOTS — BACK EAST THEY CALL THIS GAME BOWLING!

...WITH THE POWER AND IMPACT OF A GREASED CANNONBALL.
NOW — THAT'S SUCH A GOOD IDEA...

THAT I THINK I'LL TRY IT AGAIN... AND AGAIN — AND...

NOW, ISN'T THAT PRETTY? ALL HUNG IN A ROW — JUST LIKE A STRING OF BELLS! MIND IF I PLAY A TUNE, BOYS?
SWAT!
YI! YI
YIII!
YAII!

NOW, TO RELIEVE YOU OF SOME OF THIS CROOKED MONEY — AND PUT IT TO A STRAIGHT CAUSE! AH, THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR A BRAND NEW PRINTING PRESS FOR ED SMALL — BIGGER AND MORE HONEST THAN EVER!

AND NOW — ON THIS ELECTION DAY — YOU'RE GOING TO THE TOWN HALL FOR A FULL CONFESSION TO THE PUBLIC — AND THEN TO JAIL! YOU CAN'T BEAT JUSTICE!
the End

Dan Brand and Tipi

WHEN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION EXPLODED ITS SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD, THE STAUNCH MEN OF THE FRONTIER, FED UP WITH THE TYRANNY OF THE KING AND HIS GOVERNORS, RALLIED TO THE CAUSE. FIGHTERS LIKE DAN BRAND AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, TIPI, WERE IMPORTANT LEADERS IN THE GUERILLA WARFARE OF THE WILDS. IT'S EASY TO KNOW WHY, WHEN YOU READ:

"THE BATTLE OF THE DUNGEONS!"

ONWARD, REBELS! *DOWN WITH TYRANNY!*

F. FRAZETTA..

I COME SECRETLY FROM BOSTON TO TELL YOU—ARM YOURSELVES! *PREPARE FOR THE REVOLUTION!* ALREADY, SAM ADAMS AND HIS MEN HAVE BOARDED BRITISH SHIPS AND DUMPED THEIR OVERTAXED TEA INTO THE BOSTON HARBOR!
GEORGE FRANKLIN IS RIGHT! ENOUGH OF THE KING'S TYRANNY!
INSIDE THE HOUSE...

BUT SUDDENLY...
SURRENDER, FILTHY REBELS—IN THE NAME OF THE CROWN! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!
BETRAYED! FIGHT, SONS OF LIBERTY! **LIBERTY OR DEATH!**

THE VALIANT FRONTIERSMEN, LED BY THEIR LEADER, FRANKLIN, PUT UP A STAUNCH BATTLE—BUT, TRAPPED AND UNARMED INSIDE THE HOUSE, THEIR STRUGGLE AGAINST THE HORDE OF RED-COATS IS IN VAIN...

...AND, FINALLY...
YOU MAY TAKE US, REDCOAT SWINE—BUT THE REVOLUTION WILL GO ON!
WE'LL SHUT YOUR REBEL MOUTH *YET*, YOU RABBLE-ROUSING DOG! MEN, MARCH THE BLIGHTERS OFF TO THE GOVERNOR'S DUNGEONS!

THEY NEVER HAD A CHANCE—*BETRAYED* BY SOME SCURVY *INFORMER!* AND I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND IT WAS THAT SHIFTY-EYED BLEEKER!
WE'LL GET BLEEKER LATER, NAT—RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET FRANKLIN AND THE OTHERS OUT OF THE GOVERNOR'S DUNGEON! WHAT THINK YOU, ALAN?

YE'RE RIGHT, LAD! BUT IN THE WHOLE FRONTIER I KNOW OF ONLY TWO PERSONS WHO'VE GOT THE STEALTH AND *CUNNING* THAT'S NEEDED—AND THAT'S DAN BRAND AND TIPI! AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND 'EM! MEET ME AT MY PLACE TOMORROW NIGHT!

NEXT NIGHT—AT ALAN'S HOUSE.
THAT'S THE STORY, DAN—UNLESS WE GET THEM OUT, THEY'LL BE EXECUTED! AND WITHOUT GEORGE FRANKLIN AND OUR OTHER LEADERS, THE REVOLUTION IS LOST! WHAT D'YE SAY—ARE YE WITH US?

OF COURSE WE'RE WITH YOU—TO THE DEATH! WHEN DO WE START?
RIGHT NOW!

LATER—OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AT THE REAR GATE.
BLIMEY! THE LORDS AN' LYDIES ARE SURE 'AVING THEMSELVES A BLOOMIN' TIME AT THE GUV'NOR'S BALL TONIGHT!
REMINDS ME OF THE TIME WHEN I WAS ONE O' 'IS MAJESTY'S OWN GUARD, IT DOES!

UMPH!
GLUB!

STEADY, TIPI—RIFLE BUTT A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT—THAT'S IT! LET'S GO!

NOW TO FIND THE DUNGEON! BOLDNESS DOES IT, TIPI!

I SAY, OLD SOCK, WE'RE TO RELIEVE THE GUARD IN THE DUNGEON, BUT WE CAWN'T REMEMBER WHICH WAY IT IS!
H'IT'S DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THEN TURN TO YOUR LEFT—CAWN'T MISS IT! BUT GET A MOVE ON!
3

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE TWO SOLDIERS—WHERE HAVE I SEEN THEM BEFORE? HMMM... THOSE BROAD SHOULDERS—ZOUNDS, IT'S THAT SCOUT, DAN BRAND AND HIS LITTLE INDIAN FRIEND!

HA! HIS EXCELLENCY WILL PAY A FORTUNE FOR THIS! LET IT NEVER BE SAID THAT BILL BLEEKER DOESN'T TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! PAH—THOSE FOOLISH REBELS!

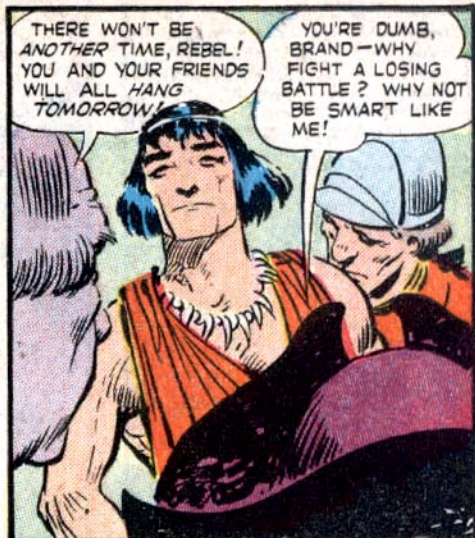
BY JOVE, YOU DON'T SAY! BY THE CROWN—I'LL HAVE THEIR HEADS!

BY THIS TIME DAN AND TIPI ARE NEARING THE DUNGEON ITSELF...
STEADY, TIPI! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

IT'S HIGH TIME YOU BLIGHTERS CAME TO RELIEVE ME—I'VE BEEN HERE ON DUTY ALL DAY!

WE'LL RELIEVE YOU ALL RIGHT! WE'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THOSE KEYS! QUICKLY—WHICH ONE OPENS GEORGE FRANKLIN'S CELL?

FRANKLIN IS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, IN CELL B—AND THE ONLY KEY TO THAT CELL IS CARRIED BY THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF! I S-S-SWEAR—THAT'S THE T-T-TT-TRUTH! I SWEAR IT!

RIGHT! I HOLD THE KEY TO FRANKLIN'S DUNGEON! AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, REBEL SWINE?
TRAPPED! BLEEKER, YOU'RE A DIRTY TRAITOR!... EASY, TIP! —DON'T FIGHT! THEY'VE GOT THE EDGE ON US THIS TIME!

THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER TIME, REBEL! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL ALL HANG TOMORROW!
YOU'RE DUMB, BRAND—WHY FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE? WHY NOT BE SMART LIKE ME!

SO—UNTIL TOMORROW—YOU CAN ROT WITH THE REST OF THE REBEL RABBLE! HEE-HEE-HEE-HA-HA-HA! COME, BLEEKER—LET US REJOIN THE BALL! BY JOVE, BUT I'M IN A JOLLY GOOD MOOD!

QUICKLY, NOW—WHAT IS THE SITUATION HERE?
ALL REBELS HERE—ARRESTED FOR "OFFENSES AGAINST THE CROWN"! THE OTHER DUNGEONS ARE ALSO FULL—IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY TO BREAK DOWN THESE DOORS, WE COULD BATTLE OUR WAY THROUGH! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IF YOU'RE READY TO DIE FOR FREEDOM—NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE! LISTEN—I HAVE A PLAN—THREE OF YOU STAGE A FIGHT—MAKE PLENTY OF NOISE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
JUPITER! WHAT A RACKET THOSE PRISONERS ARE MAKING! FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES—THE STUPID RABBLE! I'LL STOP THAT—BY SHOOTING A COUPLE OF THEM!

NOW, YOU SCUM! JUST PIPE THAT STUFF—OR I'LL SAVE THE HANGMAN A JOB! STOP IT, NOW!

GULP! THE REBELS! THE MOB! THE REVOLUTION! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

HALP! HALP! I-I-I-THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT... OHHH...
DON'T HARM ME, BRAND—DON'T HARM ME, PLEASE—AFTER ALL, I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

YOU'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF ENOUGH! THE BOYS OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW!

TIPI—THE KEY! TAKE YOUR SQUAD AND GET FRANKLIN FREE!
RIGHT! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE GATE!

FIGHT, MEN—FIGHT TO THE GATE AND HOLD THERE!
DEATH TO THE RED-COATS!

ALL'S WELL, DAN—WE'VE GOT FRANKLIN!
ALL RIGHT, MEN—BREAK FOR THE WOODS AND FREEDOM! MEN WITH RIFLES FORM A REAR GUARD AND COVER OUR MOVEMENT!

I THANK YOU, DAN! THE REVOLUTION WILL HAVE GREAT NEED OF MEN LIKE YOU. YOU'D MAKE A BRILLIANT GENERAL—THAT STRATEGY WAS MAGNIFICENT!
THANKS, GEORGE, BUT I'M NOT LOOKING FOR GOLD BRAID! I PREFER TO FIGHT IT OUT RIGHT HERE IN THE WOODS!

...THESE FRONTIERSMEN AND I WILL FORM A GUERILLA ARMY—READY TO STRIKE WHEN THE TIME COMES! I ASSURE YOU WE WILL DO HONOR TO THE CAUSE!
I'M SURE YOU WILL, DAN! AND THE TIME WILL COME SOON—VERY SOON!

THE brown and white steer lay helpless as the red-hot brand swooped down on its flank. Deftly, the man with the tiny scar on his jaw made three moves with the straight iron, changing the KT brand into the Laddered Diamond. He studied his work for a moment, nodded his satisfaction, and was rising to his feet when the .44-40 bullet dug a hole between his spurred boots.

The man swore and dove for his pony. He could see the rifleman with the smoking rifle running across the hogback ridge, framed against the blue sky as he lifted his rifle and threw it to his shoulder The man dropped the brand and clawed frantically at his Colt. The sharpshooter fired again. The man who had been changing brands opened his eyes and clung desperately to a slowly widening red stain on his blue shirt. He toppled backwards.

Ken Talley came forward carefully, automatically ejecting a shell from the chamber, levering another shell into the barrel. His tanned face was hard, set in flat planes in which his blue eyes burned like sapphire flame.

"Caught one of 'em at last," he said through tight lips.

He came to stand over the fallen man. Many men ran straight irons out where the grassy plains of the Feather River range stretched between the big black bluffs of the Mogul Rim and the cold, fast-flowing waters of the Feather. But this was the first time young Ken Talley had caught a man with the iron in his hand.

He turned the man over and grunted when he saw his face. "Ben Kimmel! One of Draw Deegan's boys!"

Talley blinked carefully against the breeze that stirred the grama grass. Draw Deegan was a power in the Rim. He had two guns, and he knew how to use them. A small rancher like Ken Talley could not hope to stand against him or the bunch that rode under his Crosspatch brand. If he should complain to Deegan, Deegan would find a way to make him go for his gun. And Talley knew he was no match for the gunman with Colts in his hands!

Talley cut the steer free, studying the Laddered Diamond. *Deegan's too smart to use his own brand,* he thought. *But somewhere in the breaks north of the Mogul Rim, he probably has a Laddered Diamond herd, all set to move!* As he went across the rolling grassland, head down, Talley took up in his mind the brands of his neighbors. Luke Parker's Three T brand, Monk Groome's T Diamond. All those brands, including his own KT brand, could easily be changed into Deegan's Laddered Diamond mark.

He moved up into his fifty-dollar Cheyenne saddle and toed his little pinto to a run. He could not fight Deegan and his gunslicks — but he was not going to sit by and let Deegan run off his steers and eventually force him off his ranch!

Talley was in the general store in Hardknot the next morning when the trouble broke. As Talley put his arms around the big box of groceries, the voice came from the doorway. It was a cold voice, hard and grim, colored with a sneer.

"We found Kimmel early this morning, Talley. Somebody shot him. We saw your pony's tracks all around. We figered you'd know about it."

Talley turned slowly. One hand was tightly clenched. He felt his eyes drawn to the tightly smiling face of the man in the doorway. It was big Herb Loover standing there—almost as good a man with a Colt as Deegan.

"I know about him. I caught him running a straight iron on my stock. I shot him."

Loover looked at him coldly, for a long moment, then swung on his heel and walked away. Talley felt his knees turned rubbery for a moment as he leaned against the bare wooden counter. He lifted his neckerchief to his face and wiped it.

The store clerk came up from behind the heavy wooden counter, his cheeks white. He said, "I was afeared Herb was a-goin' for his six then."

"So was I. But he didn't."

"He will. You ride for home. I'll send the rest of the things out your way by wagon."

"Yeah. Mebbe I will."

He walked out of the store, conscious of the Colt bobbing on his right thigh, a heavy weight shifting as he strode. Instantly, as the

hot sunlight touched his cheeks, he knew he was marked for death. Herb Loover was across the street, by the hitch-rail. He was lounging there carelessly—too carelessly. Twenty feet the other side of him was Draw Deegan, standing motionless under the wooden overhang of the blacksmith's shop. The two fastest gunmen in the Rim country, looking at him with their cold, merciless eyes. He was in the way of the Crosspatch bunch. He would be stamped out. Here. Now. Today.

Talley walked at an angle across the street. He had no chance, but he would not run. If he could get where he wanted—

"Talley!"

The word struck him like a whiplash. He jerked his head around and looked at Draw Deegan, but he kept walking across the dusty street.

Deegan snarled, "Stand still, Talley! I'm talkin' to yuh!"

Talley quartered still more across the street until he was less than ten feet from the hitch-rail. Now he stopped and faced Deegan. He licked his lips and ran his palms on the rough blue wool of his shirt. He said, "I'm still. I'm looking for no trouble with the Crosspatch."

"Too late for that, Talley. When one of my boys goes down, I find out why."

"He was running a straight iron."

"We didn't see a straight iron," Deegan said coldly.

Talley shrugged. He wondered idly if he would gain anything by starting this. Here and there a face peered from a window, or from around the corner of a building, at the three men. They were frightened faces, all of them, knowing Draw Deegan's ruthlessness and kill-hunger.

Deegan spoke to his big foreman. "Herb, I don't hold with murder. The sheriff's out of town. If we wait for him, this sidewinder may get away."

Herb chuckled coldly, "I'll back yore play, boss."

Deegan shifted his feet, about to change his position.

Talley went for his gun. He lifted it and whirled, throwing himself face down in the dust of the street. He heard guns belch thunder, heard a man grunt heavily, heard the dull thud of a falling body.

Herb Loover was lying in the dusty street, unmoving. A smoking gun was close to his motionless right hand.

"Blast yuh, Talley!" gritted a voice.

Ken Talley whirled. He could see Draw Deegan backing away, one hand clamped over his bleeding shoulder. Deegan was white with pain and rage. He cursed and swore at Talley as he backed away.

Deegan rasped, "I'll be back. I'll skin yuh and nail yore hide to a bar-room wall, Talley! That was a low-down trick—"

Talley laughed and got to his knees. He had deliberately stationed himself between Deegan and Loover, directly in their line of fire. He had no chance against them. They were so fast they could shoot him down before he could touch his own gun. But he had counted on that speed, on that instinctive draw-and-shoot motion that was the mark of the true gunslick. Deegan had gone for his gun and fired, all in one movement. So had Loover. Only — he, Talley, had fallen flat on his face — and Deegan had put a .45 calibre Colt bullet in Loover's heart, killing him instantly. Loover had hit Deegan in the shoulder.

Talley said, "Now it's your turn, Deegan. Stand still!"

Deegan froze. He looked carefully at the hard-faced Talley. He tried a laugh, saying, "It was Loover's fault, Talley. He was hot for gunplay. I figured mebbe Kimmel was running his own brand —"

"Button that lip, Deegan. It won't work. We're all wise to you, in the Rim country. Only trouble has always been, you were too strong for us. Now mebbe the odds are even."

Talley lifted his Colt and trained it on Deegan's chest. The blood receded from the gunslick's face. Deegan shouted hoarsely, "Talley! Man, yuh wouldn't shoot me in cold blood?"

People were coming from the houses and the saloons and the stores, now. A man shouted encouragement to the KT man. Several women shouted advice. Deegan caught the sullen fury and resentment in their voices.

Talley said, "You got a gun. Lift it! When we can't miss, we'll shoot. You'll kill me! I'll kill you! Well — what's the matter? You wanted to kill me. You got the chance. Only thing is, now — I'll take you with me."

"No. No!"

Deegan threw down his gun. There was fright in his face, and in his protruding eyes. He shouted, "I won't do it. I —"

The people surged around him. Talley pushed them back. He laughed. "I always did think you gunslicks had no more craw than a jackrabbit! Let's go into the sheriff's office, Deegan. I'm going to write something on a paper, and you're goin' to sign it."

Deegan nodded. His chin fell forward on his chest as he moved through the people and the hot sunlight toward the cool sheriff's office. Looking at him, Talley felt a twinge of sympathy. Deegan was a broken man. He would be dangerous no longer. Someone had looked him in the eye and called his bluff.

Talley sighed as he watched Deegan walk ahead of him. He lifted his head and drew warm, good air deep into his lungs. It wasn't always the man with the fastest gun-hand who won the fight. Sometimes a man could win who could just hold a gun and look death straight in the eye — and challenge him!

—THE END—

THE DURANGO KID

FROM TIME TO TIME THE GOVERNMENT DECLARED VAST AREAS OF WESTERN LAND OPEN TO WHOEVER WANTED IT ALL "SQUATTERS" WERE CLEARED OFF AND THE FUTURE FARMERS OF THE WEST LINED UP AT THE POST TO AWAIT THE SIGNAL TO GO. THEN— THE RACE FOR LAND WAS ON! THE PRIZE BELONGED TO THE SWIFTEST, THE MOST DARING—AND, SOMETIMES, TO THE **MOST UNSCRUPULOUS!** IT WAS A DANGEROUS, DEATH-RIDDEN, PASSION-HAUNTED GAME TO GET THERE FIRST IN—

"THE GREAT LAND RUSH!"

BUT—AT THE SAME PART OF THE STARTING LINE IS STEVE BRAND, FEDERAL MARSHAL, AND HIS SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE.

GOLLEY, STEVIE, NOW AIN'T THET AN EXCITIN' SIGHT?

SURE IS, MULEY, BUT KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR OTHER THINGS, TOO. WE'RE ON ASSIGNMENT HERE TO WATCH OUT FOR DIRTY PLAY.

WE'RE SHORE COUNTIN' ON GITTIN' OURSELVES A GOOD PIECE O' LAND SO WE KIN BRING MA OUT WEST. YUH SEE-MA'S SICK AN' WE'RE FIGGERIN' THUH LIFE OUT HYAR WILL BRING HER BACK TUH HEALTH...

YUP, THAR'S A SWEET PASSEL O' LAND THET I ONCE PASSED MANY YEARS AGO WHEN I WUZ A SOLDIER AN' THET I ALWAYS HANKERED FER. IT'S RIGHT AT THUH FORK O' APACHE CREEK—AN' THET'S THE SPOT I'M RACIN' FER!
WELL, I SURE WISH YOU LUCK, POP!

THE JUDGE IS READY! THET STARTIN' SIGNAL'S GOIN' TUH GO OFF ANY MINUTE NOW!
SO YUH WANT TUH GIT TUH APACHE CREEK, HUH? SORRY, POP—WE GOT DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT THET PIECE O' LAND!

BANG!
POP! THOSE MEN! THEY'RE TRYING TO HOOK US!
TARNATION!... YUH VARMINTS, STEER AWAY! STEER AWAY! YUH'RE GOIN' TUH TEAR OFF OUR WHEEL!
H-HOOORAY

THET'S JIST WHUT WE AIM TUH DO, GEEZER!

MADGE! HONEY, ARE YUH HURT? THEM DIRTY VARMINTS!
THAT WAS AS ROTTEN A TRICK AS I'VE EVER SEEN!

ALL RIGHT, YOU RATS — PULL UP!

GET A MOVE ON, MISTER! YOU'RE GOING RIGHT BACK THERE AND SWITCH WAGONS WITH THOSE PEOPLE YOU PLAYED THAT ROTTEN TRICK ON!

ALL RIGHT, POP — TAKE OFF! MULEY AND I WILL COME WITH YOU A WAYS, JUST TO SEE THERE'S NO MORE FUNNY BUSINESS PULLED... AS FOR YOU COYOTES — YOU GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO YOU!
?!!#*?#?!?

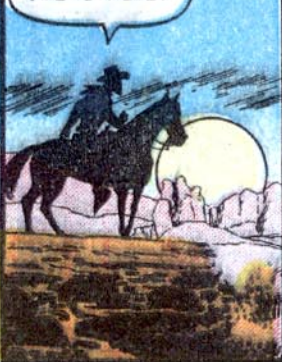
ALL RIGHT, MEN—WE KNOW WHAR THEY'RE GOIN' —APACHE CREEK! I'LL FIGGER OUT A WAY TUH GIT RID O' THEM SO THERE WON'T BE NUTHIN' LEFT TUH TELL WHO DONE IT! WE AIN'T HAD THUH LAST WORD YET!

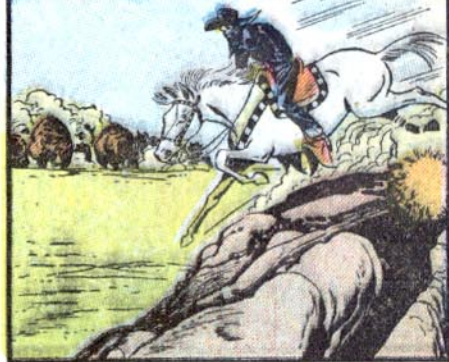
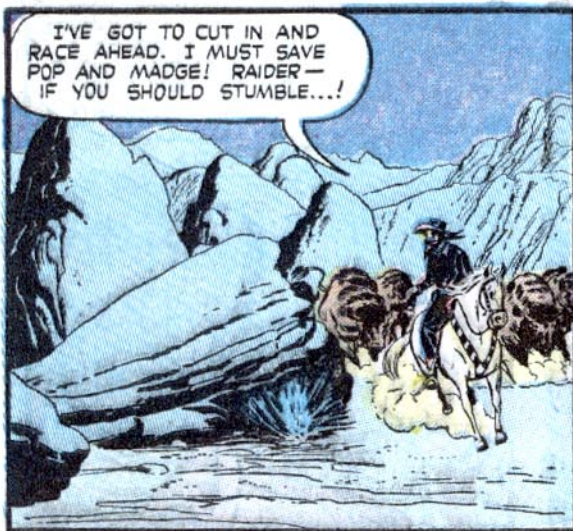
A FEW HOURS LATER, NEAR THE VALLEY OF APACHE CREEK.

THERE IT IS, POP—APACHE CREEK! AND YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE THERE—IT'S ALL YOURS! I GUESS WE'LL LEAVE YOU NOW.
SO LONG, STEVE BRAND! I GUESS I'LL BE GRATEFUL TUH YUH FER THUH REST O' MY LIFE!

STEVE, I WONDER WHY THEM OWLHOOTS PICKED ON THUH BENSON'S FER THEIR DIRTY WORK—'CAUSE THET WHEEL HOOKIN' WUZ NO ACCIDENT!
RIGHT! THERE'S SOME SPECIAL REASON THEY MUST WANT APACHE CREEK FOR THEMSELVES. THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN, MULEY. WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF THEM.
4

AND WHEN THEY STRIKE — THE DURANGO KID WILL BE READY! WE'LL CUT OFF LAWLESSNESS IN THIS NEW TERRITORY EVEN BEFORE IT GETS A CHANCE TO START!
4

THAT NIGHT—STEVE BRAND, NOW THE DURANGO KID, PATROLS THE HEIGHTS ABOVE APACHE CREEK VALLEY, ON THE LOOKOUT FOR DIRTY WORK.
SO FAR—ALL IS WELL.

BUT SUDDENLY—A STRANGE AND UNNATURAL THUNDER FILLS THE VALLEY AND SENDS ITS ECHOING ROAR UP THE SLOPES.
THAT ROARING SOUND—WHAT ON EARTH CAN THAT BE? BLAZES! IT SOUNDS LIKE—NO, IT CAN'T BE—BUT...
RUMBLE
ROAR

...BUT IT IS! A HERD OF BUFFALO. STAMPEDING DOWN THE VALLEY! GOOD HEAVENS, THE BENSON CAMPSITE IS RIGHT IN THEIR PATH!

I'VE GOT TO CUT IN AND RACE AHEAD. I MUST SAVE POP AND MADGE! RAIDER—IF YOU SHOULD STUMBLE...!

NOW WHUT IN TARNATION?
QUICK! GRAB ON TO ME!

ON, RAIDER—ON! THERE'S A NICHE UP AHEAD—WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO IT BEFORE...!

SAFE! POP, THAT STAMPEDE WAS MAN-MADE! BUFFALO DON'T STAMPEDE UNLESS MEN FRIGHTEN THEM—AND WHEN THEY DO STAMPEDE, THEY USUALLY HEAD FOR OPEN PRAIRIE, NOT CLOSED VALLEYS!

SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY HERDED THOSE BUFFALO INTO THIS VALLEY WITH INTENT TO KILL! AND I THINK I KNOW WHO...!

AND DURANGO IS RIGHT—FOR, BACK AT THE FORK OF THE RIVER...
WHAT A MESS! GOLLY, THAR JEST AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT O' THEM! THET SHORE WUZ A FINE IDEA O' YOURS, BOOGER—TO HERD THEM BUFFALO DOWN HYAR!
JEST STICK ALONG WITH ME, MEN, AN' YUH CAIN'T GO WRONG!

THEY PITCHED THEIR CAMPSITE RIGHT OVER THE SPOT WHAR WE BURIED THET BANK LOOT. START DIGGIN', MEN—WE'LL GIT THUH SWAG AN' GIT OUT O' HYAR!
RIGHT YUH ARE, BOSS!

YUP, THAR SHE IS—AN' NUTHIN'S MISSIN'!

RIGHT, BOOGER—NOTHING'S MISSING! EVEN I AM HERE!
THE DURANGO KID!

LET'S PLAY "SLEDGEHAMMER", BOOGER!

OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE LIKE A PIECE OF DIRT—WHICH YOU OUGHT TO BE GOOD AT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

MUSTN'T PLAY WITH GUNS, OWLHOOT...!
SPANNGG!

... SO, DROP IT!
YEEOWW!

AND NOW ALL OF YOU—REACH!

SO THEM WUZ THE GUYS! BUT WHUT DID THEY HAVE AGAINST US?
IT SEEMS THEY BURIED A BANK HAUL RIGHT ON THIS SPOT, POP. IT SURE WASN'T CORN AND POTATOES THEY WANTED TO PLANT, LIKE YOU DO. BUT THEY'RE GOING TO JAIL, THE LOOT'S GOING BACK TO THE BANK...

...AND THE LAND'S ALL YOURS, TO MAKE IT GROW AND PROSPER. THERE'S A BIG FUTURE HERE, POP—AND IT BELONGS TO YOU, FREE AND SAFE!
THANKS TO YOU, DURANGO!... AND TO GOOD-LOOKING STEVE BRAND, TOO...!
The End

THE DURANGO KID BEATS MOS
TO THE BULLET PUNCH BECAUSE
AN EXPERT AT **FANNING**. TIME IS L
WHEN YOU PULL THE TRIGGER OF A SIX
GUN BECAUSE THE TRIGGER MUST LEVER
BACK THE HAMMER — TO COCK IT — AND
THEN THE HAMMER MUST RELEASE AND
SNAP DOWN. BUT THE DURANGO KID
"FANS" HIS GUN (AS SHOWN HERE) —
HITTING THE HAMMER WITH HIS FREE
HAND, CAUSING THE WEAPON TO SHOOT
INSTANTLY.

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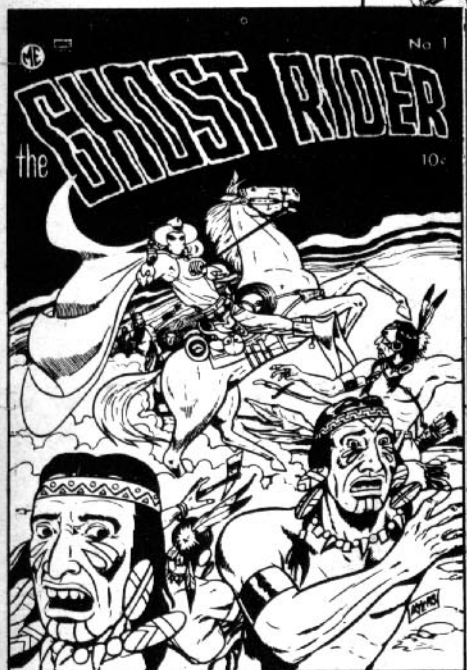
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